



Light of Truth

AN EXPONENT OF THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, HERE AND HEREAFTER.

Subscription: \$1.00 per Year, 50 per Copy.

Cincinnati, Saturday, February 9, 1895.

Volume XVI, No. 6

Philosophy and Facts.

WISDOM FOR THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

RAY OF LIGHT

In German Literature Before the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

SPIRITUAL THOUGHT FORESHADOWED.

Some Remarkable Spiritual Gifts Unrecorded—Clairvoyance and Psychometry Marked.

HIGH RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

GEORGE LIEBERKNECHT.

As the light of the rising sun reaches the mountain heights and smiles upon the highlands and the valleys, so the light of truth and inspiration from the realms of celestial life has touched and illuminated the master minds of past generations, who towered above the mental and spiritual darkness of the multitude.

Many a time I have been surprised on finding that much of the advanced thought of today has been anticipated by the great thinkers and pioneers of freedom of past ages. Some readers may be inclined to doubt, when I say that some of the best and ripest spiritual thought of to-day has been foreshadowed and outlined, clearly and distinctly, as much as one and two hundred years ago, by a number of illuminated minds, in different parts of Europe. But the intuitions and inspirations of these master minds did not bear fruit; they were left unheeded; they found no responsive echo among their people. The nations were not prepared to comprehend or accept higher teachings, because they were wedded in and held fast by the power of conventionalism and the clouds of superstition. Thus the few and isolated rays of truth and light, struggling through the darkness, were soon obscured again. And coming down to more recent times and developments, it is to be noted that by the rank and rapid growth of Materialism during the middle of the present century, all spiritual thought was discredited, and by the uniformly materialistic drift of natural science almost completely undermined, when a new messenger of light made its appearance in the form of Modern Spiritualism.

At this time, I wish to point out a few authors and illustrations, from the classic period of German literature, to show how clearly and firmly some of these pioneers of thought seized upon the essential truths of man's soul-life and immortal destiny and the close interrelation of the successive stages of the spirit's development.

HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE

(1771-1842) was a man of great executive ability, a large-hearted philanthropist and prolific writer. The one great aim of all his social, political, humanitarian, and literary labors was to enlighten and uplift the common people by every practicable means. He did not know of Spiritualism in the modern sense, but he was instinctively a Spiritualist from his youth up; he was himself a clairvoyant, and well acquainted with the phenomena of rhapsomancy, (divination by rod or wand) which, he says, introduced him to a new phase of nature. From personal experience, he believed in spirit impressions and presentiments. And his most remarkable faculty was what he called his inward sight (clairvoyance), and he was always an enigma to him. In his *Selbstschau* he gives a detailed account of his clairvoyant experiences, which were really remarkable.

"It has happened to me sometimes," he says, "on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and, as it were, dreamlike, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time, I usually feel so absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, or distinctly hear the voices of the speakers. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so, as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once, in the familiar family circle of my father-in-law, at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; my listeners were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the circumstances of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the literal truth. I, on my part, was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the society. I thus became more attentive to the subject, and, when propriety admitted, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me, the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was in-

variably ratified, not without consternation on their part.

"It was very hard, even for myself, to gain confidence in those capricious displays of the soul-nature. Every time I exhibited to any one my dream-vision about him, I expected to hear him say that it was not so, and I always felt a secret shudder when the listener responded: 'Indeed, so it was,' or when, before he said it, his startled countenance told me that I was not mistaken. 'What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in obsession?' exclaimed the gifted Johann von Riga, when, in the first hour of our acquaintance, I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or not I deceived myself. We speculated long upon the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it."

A few lines from Zschokke's voluminous writings will at once show the fine spiritual insight of this gifted man and intrepid champion of social progress. Speaking of reward and punishment, as administered by nature in relation to human conduct, he says:

"When I perceive, on the one hand, that the spirit of man finds the reward for his striving after righteousness and perfection not in things external, but in the growth, or advance, toward this very perfection; and then, on the other hand, that every change and transition from a lower to a higher, from a small to a larger development, both in man and nature, comes about, not by leaps and bounds, but always by a gradual progression, step by step, proceeding along the lines of relationship and natural attraction or affinity, then I comprehend that the spirit, after its separation from the mortal husk, is still essentially the same that it was before. The degree of refinement, or elevation, which one has reached in earth life, belongs or adheres to him after the removal to other conditions of God's infinite realm. The gross beastly individual will not suddenly be transformed into the perfected, God-like man; the sin-stained, blinded, feeble spirit, not suddenly straightened into angelic purity. It remains and contravenes both the divine law within ourselves as well as the teachings of nature, so believe that the spirit, after death, can be helped to rise above its level by prayer, or the merits of others. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' is a much truer expression of the divine order."

According to Goethe, the same faculty of inward sight, or psychometry, was possessed by Lavater, the celebrated physiognomist (1741-1801). Goethe tells us that Lavater's insight into the characters of individuals "surpassed all conception;" and he speaks of it as one of those gifts which "seem to have something of magic in it." He tells us, too, that his (Lavater's) system of physiognomy rests on the conviction, that the sensible corresponds throughout with the spiritual, and is not only an evidence of it, but, indeed, its representative." Lavater held that the future life was a continuation of the present, though under different conditions. "Whatever may be conjectured or inferred," he says, "in regard to the state of the soul after death, may be stated in this thesis or axiom: 'Man shall reap as he has sown.' There exists a general, natural law which governs every world, and every department of the physical, moral, intelligent, visible, and invisible worlds, and it is this: Whatever is susceptible of affinity, attracts; the same species are mutually drawn to each other, unless thwarted by obstacles fortuitously interposed."

"Every soul freed from matter not only knows itself—not only do the errors, distractions, and blindness which opposed it in the contemplation of itself, and in the knowledge of its powers, weakness, and shortcomings, cease, but it feels itself attracted toward everything which has affinity for it, by an interior irresistible force; while it feels repulsion for whatever is alien to it. Its moral or religious character gives it a determinate direction. What is good, goes toward the good. Its needs, its attractions for the good, give it this direction. The impure soul is repelled from among the pure. Just as a heavy weight, tossed into open space, would fall swiftly into the abyss, so impure, immoral, and irreligious souls will inevitably go to join their like."

Lavater, in this, merely sums up a leading and uniform principle in the teachings of Spiritualism.

Johann Gottfried Herder (1744-1803) was a strange and remarkable figure in German literature. A deep, original thinker, and possessed of a vast fund of information, his writings show him to have been a man of great mental power, ingenuity, and penetration. Here I can only quote a few passages:

"In nature everything is related; morals and physics, like body and spirit. Morality is only a more beautiful physique of the spirit."

"Our future destination is a new link in the chain of our being, which connects itself with the present link most minutely and by the most subtle progression, as our earth is connected with the sun, and the moon with our earth."

"Hereafter, when death shall burst these bonds, when God shall transplant us like flowers into quite other fields, and surround us with entirely different circumstances, then —"

Have you never experienced, my friend, what a new faculty a new situation gives to the soul? A faculty which, in our old corner, in the stifling atmosphere of old circumstances and occupations, we had never imagined, had never supposed ourselves capable of?"

"Our language," says Herder, "all communication of thought, what bungling work it is! Hovering on the tip of our tongues, between lip and palate, in a few syllabled tones, our heart, our inmost soul would communicate itself to another, so that he shall comprehend us, shall feel the ground of our innermost being! Vain endeavor! Wretched pantomime with a few gestures and vibrations of air! The soul lies captive in its dungeon, bound as with a seven-fold chain; and only through a strong grating, and only through a pair of light and air holes, can it breathe and see. And always it sees its other side before us and in us, had we but more and other senses, and could we but exchange this narrow hut of our body for a freer outlook."

Now just one passage from Lessing (1729-1781): "If God," says this intrepid thinker, "should hold all truth inclosed in his right hand, and in his left only the ever-active impulse to the pursuit of truth, although with the condition that I should always and forever be liable to err, and should say to me, Choose! I should fall with submission upon his left hand, and say, 'Father, give! Pure truth is for the alone!'"

A noble saying, indicating a profound insight into spiritual laws; signifying that our own individuality and the great ends of our being are best promoted by that discipline which compels us to think for ourselves, do for ourselves, and seek light for ourselves; seek it not only from the exercise of our meditative powers, but from communion with all good influences and spirits, and men and women. But if we think we can find spirits who will relieve us of the trouble of exercising our mental and meditative powers, we are liable to become the dupes of such as are unscrupulous, false, and trifling.

Wilhelm von Humboldt's writings are full of fine religious-philosophical reasoning. Concerning futurity, one of his thoughts is expressed in the following:

"I'm sure the life of man continues beyond the grave, and that its different periods and epochs must be looked upon as one connected whole. Our main task, therefore, is to: seize and utilize the present day and hour, so as to be constantly maturing and worthily preparing for the future. Earth is a place for discipline and primary culture, a stepping-stone to something higher and better, and here we are to gain the strength for grasping the supernatural. It lies in the nature of things that heavenly bliss can not be bestowed as a gift, but must be earned by labor and effort, and none but a well tried and proven condition of soul will be fitted for enjoying that bliss."

Johann Jung-Stilling, born in Westphalia, 1740, was a devoted Spiritualist, and appears to have been well versed in the facts which the modern manifestations have brought so prominently into public view. In his "Pneumatology" he has collected a great number of authentic narratives of apparitions and other phenomena indicative of spirit-agency. The phenomena of rapping and knocking he frequently notices as modes of spirits announcing themselves.

Stilling was unconsciously a medium. He announced, more than ten weeks before the occurrence, the tragic fate of Lavater, who was shot by a soldier in Zurich, in 1790. Stilling wrote seasonably to Hess, and begged him to communicate the prediction to Lavater. The warning seems to have been unheeded. The celebrated Goethe was S's fellow-student at Strassburg, and became strongly attached to him.

Stilling was well acquainted with the phenomena of magnetism. "Animal magnetism," he says, "proves that we have an inward man a soul, which is constituted of the divine spark the immortal spirit, possessing reason and will, and of a luminous body, which is inseparable from it. Light, electric, magnetic, galvanic matter, and ether appear to be all one and the same substance, under different modifications. The light, or ether, is the element which connects soul and body, and the spiritual and material world together."

"The laws we form of the creation, and all the science and knowledge resulting from them, depend entirely upon our organization. God views everything as it is in itself. For, if he viewed things in space, and as no space can be conceived as really existing unless limited, the views which God takes would therefore also be limited, which is impossible; consequently no space exists out of us in nature, but our ideas of it arise solely from our organization. If God viewed objects in succession and rotation, he would exist in time, and thus again be limited. Now, as this is impossible, time is therefore also a mode of thinking peculiar to finite capacities, and not anything true or real."

From these principles, Stilling arrives at the opinion that, since time and space are only modes of thinking suited to our present state, it is impossible that rational influences, though

mathematically just, can serve to guide us into the truths of the invisible world, when their premises are founded on modes of thinking adapted to the visible world, but excluding operations from the invisible.

The celebrated Goethe (1749-1832) the largest and brightest luminary on the whole firmament of German literature, had deep religious convictions, with complete skepticism on sectarian doctrines, and decided aversion to ecclesiastical domination. Each soul he maintained has its own religion; must have it as an individual possession; let each see that he is true to it, which is far more efficacious than trying to accommodate himself to another's. He declared himself in the deepest sense of the word a Protestant, and as such claimed "the right of holding his inner being free from all pre-ordained dogmas, the right of developing himself religiously." With reference to the genuineness of Scripture, he maintained, like the Modern Spiritualists, that nothing is genuine but what is truly excellent, which stand in harmony with the purest nature and reason, and in which even now ministers to our highest development. Concerning the four gospels, he held that "there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus, and which was as divine a kind as was ever seen upon earth. If I am asked whether it is liable to err, and should say to me, Choose! I should fall with submission upon his left hand, and say, 'Father, give! Pure truth is for the alone!'"

"The mischievous sectarianism of Protestants will one day cease, and with it the hatred of father and son, sister and brother; for as soon as the pure teachings and love spirit of Jesus are comprehended in their true nature, and have become a living principle, we shall feel ourselves great and free as human beings, and not attach special importance to the outward forms of religion. Besides, we shall gradually advance from a Christianity of words and faith to a Christianity of feeling and action."

He was eighty-two when these words were uttered in a conversation with his friend Eckermann.

When he lost his wife, Christiana Vulpius, in 1816, the blow was heavy to bear. She, who for eight-and-twenty years had loved and aided him; who—whatever her faults—had been to him what no other woman was, could not be taken from him without making him deeply feel the loss. His self-mastery was utterly shaken. He knelt at her bedside, and, seizing her cold hands, exclaimed: "Thou wilt not forsake me! No, no; thou must not forsake me!"

Goethe had no sympathy whatever with superficial materialistic views, but was emphatically a spiritual philosopher, and not all disturbed with doubts concerning the future life. That he was keenly conscious of spiritual influences being exerted upon mortals and human affairs, becomes plain enough from utterances like the following: "Every grand thought, which bears fruit and has a sequel, is no man's property, but has a spiritual origin. The higher a man stands, the more is he standing under the influence of the demons (spirits). Everything is influence so far as we are not ourselves. In poetry and music there is decidedly something demonic, and particularly in the unconscious, in intellectual and reason all fall short, and which therefore acts beyond all conception."

I can not refrain from quoting a few lines, in the original tongue, in which the grand old man has beautifully and eloquently expressed the creed of Spiritualists of to-day:

"Lange hab' ich mich gestraubt,
Endlich gab ich nach;
Wenn der alte Mensch zerstaubt,
Wird der neue wach.
Und so lang Du das nicht fass't,
Dieses stirb und werde,
Bist Du nur ein trauriger Gast
Auf der dunklen Erde."

I can not close this sketch without a reference to Dr. Justus Kerner, who deserves our grateful remembrance for eminent service in the cause of truth at a time when it required moral heroism to espouse it. Dr. Kerner (born 1786), was a practicing physician and prominent medical writer, and has now a lasting name in German literature as a writer of lyric poetry. He was led to the recognition of the spiritual basis of life, not by his own intuition or inspiration, but through observation and tangible phenomena. As chief physician at Weinsberg, amid the mountains of northern Württemberg, he took in charge a patient in 1830, in whose presence occurred phenomena identical with those of Modern Spiritualism. This patient's name was Frederica Hauffe, then twenty-five years old. She was of a remarkably delicate organization, and would often pass into a somnambule state. Dr. Kerner soon found that drugs had no effect upon her—even homoeopa-

thic prescriptions had to be discarded—and the doctor was not a little astonished when he witnessed that in her clairvoyant state she diagnosed her condition and prescribed for herself better than any physician could have done. Different experiments were made to test the reality of her clairvoyant powers and spirit-vision. Dr. Kerner details twenty-two facts that occurred at Weinsberg in evidence of the presence and operations of spirits, and these were corroborated by conciliators, professors, and other official persons. Madame Hauffe, says Kerner, "was more than half a spirit, and belonged to a world of spirits: She belonged to a world after death, and was more than half dead. In her (somnambule) sleep only was she truly awake. Nay, so loose was the connection between soul and body that, like Swedenborg, she often went out of the body, and could contemplate it separately."

The results of Dr. Kerner's careful investigations, which the extraordinary medial gifts of this young woman induced him to make, and in which scholars like Eschenmayer, Schubert, Goerres, and others took part, were published in 1839, under the title, "The Secret of Pre-Existence." His proclamation of the phenomena, and of the facts of clairvoyance, psychometry, etc., exhibited in the life of his subject, brought upon him a storm of ridicule and denunciation, from which there were few men who would not have shrunk. He met it bravely, and maintained his ground with a steadiness which no sneers from the savants and wits among his contemporaries could impair. His veracity, his philosophical sagacity and his skill as a cool observer of facts have been completely vindicated by the modern manifestations.

having hardly enough of this world's wealth to insure them a comfortable living for three consecutive days. I would like to give their names, but I could not enumerate all of these willing workers, and it would be unjust to the others were I to mention but a few.

What are we to do with our worn-out mediums and other workers, when their life forces are spent, and their days of labor ended, those who have no loving kindred to care for them, and who, in going about here and there, during their years of usefulness, like missionaries of light, have been unable to save a competency for the coming time, because what of their earnings have not been spent in railroad fares, and for necessary food and shelter, have been given out in divers instances for the relief of some needy person, whose wants have appealed to their sympathies? This is a serious question, and one that should take hold of the heart of every person who has been comforted by Spiritualism through medial agencies.

We need homes—not institutions of charity, but homes—where love and sympathy and daily comforts can be provided for the workers who have fought the battles of truth, and who have grown weary and old in the service. We need organized effort and cooperation in the planning and execution of beneficent schemes for the help and blessing of our feeble, aged ones.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union is a legalized, benevolent institution. It has done a wide-spread work during the past year as of funds to the sick and destitute during the few years of its existence. Its beneficiaries are residents of various places from Maine to California, for it does not confine its good work to any special locality. But its labor is crippled for want of funds. The calls upon it this winter for aid in cases of extreme want are many; and because its treasury is low, it can only give with a sparing hand to each one. There seems to be a mistake in certain minds concerning the Veteran Spiritualists' Union; they deem it a wealthy organization; they not only do not join it themselves, and pay a dollar a year membership fee to help sustain it in its benevolent work, but whenever they hear of a case of need in their vicinity they write to the corresponding secretary of the Union, myself, asking, and in some instances demanding, that said case be liberally assisted at once. The V. S. U. is not a wealthy society. All the funds it has to work with are the annual dues of its members. It needs donations; it requires endowments in order to carry on its noble work in any extent. It has not been able to do as much benevolent work during the past year as in previous years, because its financial backer was taken from it when Jacob Edson—who devoted a certain percentage of his income to benevolent work—died. He was a wealthy man, and his death was a severe blow to the Union. It hopes to find a home, pleasant home for mediums; it has a few hundred dollars and a little property that is to be devoted to that purpose, and the object is to increase that nucleus to a fund as soon as possible, while at the same time relieving as far as it can the immediate necessities of those whose cases it receives. Every Spiritualist is eligible to membership in the V. S. U., and it is a pleasure to have new members join. The dues of an associate member, on the payment of a dollar a year in any part of the United States.

Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, the wife of J. W. Wheeler, of the Home Sewing Machine Co. of Orange, Mass., generously donated a handsome sewing machine to the V. S. U. a year ago, which was sold on shares for the benefit of the organization. This year Mrs. Wheeler has repeated her kindly gift. The new machine is a beauty, worth perhaps seventy-five dollars, being one of the samples of the Home Sewing Machine Co., and handsomely finished. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch has charge of this machine, and is taking names for shares in it at twenty-five cents each. We hope to realize a good sum on this machine; we ought to do so; someone will get it at the low cost of twenty-five cents, and the name of that fortunate one will appear in the spiritual papers. Now, I propose to see how many of my friends who read the LIGHT OF TRUTH will send me twenty-five cents—in a postal note, to be had at any local post office for three cents, and not in postage stamps, which we can not use for a share in that machine. Judging from the number of kindly letters I receive, the name of my collective friends of the LIGHT OF TRUTH might be called "legion." I believe they are sincere in the kindly assurances of sympathy which they send me; now, I inquire if they care enough for its success to donate a "quarter" to the benevolent work of the V. S. U.

I wish right here to call the attention of Spiritualists to the fact that the membership of a veteran and useful worker, Mrs. H. W. Cushman, of Walker street, Charlestown, who has been in the ranks for nearly forty years and whose mediumship has never been questioned. The guttural play-acted other physical manifestations occurring in the light in her presence are simply wonderful. Mrs. Cushman is paralyzed on one side, her hand and arm being useless, but still she continues to hold her seances, and to perform a helpful work for the spirit world. I believe that her paralysis was occasioned by the loss of nerve force consequent to her work of years as a physical medium. Such workers should be sustained. Mrs. Cushman needs your patronage and I hope you will attend her circles and encourage her in every helpful way.

The thoughts on "Obsession" penned by W. H. Bach, for the January 19th issue of LIGHT OF TRUTH are full of suggestions and information. Every mediumistic or sensitive person who is afflicted—or likely to be by disturbing influences—should read and reflect upon them.

The letters of my friend, Mrs. Schlesinger, in LIGHT OF TRUTH from the Pacific Coast, are full of interest to us here. Many of the workers she mentions—including Mrs. Buchanan, Ray-Din, Swarts, and Peabees, Mrs. May Fanning, Mrs. Hendee, Mrs. Place, etc., are persons friends of ours whom we admire and love. We know they are each doing a good work, we anticipate meeting with them all again on our return to the Golden State, which our spirit guides say will come in good time.

Mrs. May Fanning, of Santa Cruz, Cal., is one of the best psychometrists I ever met; also a fine trance medium. I go over for giving business advice. Many prominent workers endorse her as a woman and a medium. She should be kept busy by the patronage of the public through the mails as her fee is but a dollar; of Mrs. Fanning's work Dr. Peabees writes to her: "Your psychometric powers are simply magni-

fic prescriptions had to be discarded—and the doctor was not a little astonished when he witnessed that in her clairvoyant state she diagnosed her condition and prescribed for herself better than any physician could have done. Different experiments were made to test the reality of her clairvoyant powers and spirit-vision. Dr. Kerner details twenty-two facts that occurred at Weinsberg in evidence of the presence and operations of spirits, and these were corroborated by conciliators, professors, and other official persons. Madame Hauffe, says Kerner, "was more than half a spirit, and belonged to a world of spirits: She belonged to a world after death, and was more than half dead. In her (somnambule) sleep only was she truly awake. Nay, so loose was the connection between soul and body that, like Swedenborg, she often went out of the body, and could contemplate it separately."

The results of Dr. Kerner's careful investigations, which the extraordinary medial gifts of this young woman induced him to make, and in which scholars like Eschenmayer, Schubert, Goerres, and others took part, were published in 1839, under the title, "The Secret of Pre-Existence." His proclamation of the phenomena, and of the facts of clairvoyance, psychometry, etc., exhibited in the life of his subject, brought upon him a storm of ridicule and denunciation, from which there were few men who would not have shrunk. He met it bravely, and maintained his ground with a steadiness which no sneers from the savants and wits among his contemporaries could impair. His veracity, his philosophical sagacity and his skill as a cool observer of facts have been completely vindicated by the modern manifestations.

having hardly enough of this world's wealth to insure them a comfortable living for three consecutive days. I would like to give their names, but I could not enumerate all of these willing workers, and it would be unjust to the others were I to mention but a few.

What are we to do with our worn-out mediums and other workers, when their life forces are spent, and their days of labor ended, those who have no loving kindred to care for them, and who, in going about here and there, during their years of usefulness, like missionaries of light, have been unable to save a competency for the coming time, because what of their earnings have not been spent in railroad fares, and for necessary food and shelter, have been given out in divers instances for the relief of some needy person, whose wants have appealed to their sympathies? This is a serious question, and one that should take hold of the heart of every person who has been comforted by Spiritualism through medial agencies.

We need homes—not institutions of charity, but homes—where love and sympathy and daily comforts can be provided for the workers who have fought the battles of truth, and who have grown weary and old in the service. We need organized effort and cooperation in the planning and execution of beneficent schemes for the help and blessing of our feeble, aged ones.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union is a legalized, benevolent institution. It has done a wide-spread work during the past year as of funds to the sick and destitute during the few years of its existence. Its beneficiaries are residents of various places from Maine to California, for it does not confine its good work to any special locality. But its labor is crippled for want of funds. The calls upon it this winter for aid in cases of extreme want are many; and because its treasury is low, it can only give with a sparing hand to each one. There seems to be a mistake in certain minds concerning the Veteran Spiritualists' Union; they deem it a wealthy organization; they not only do not join it themselves, and pay a dollar a year membership fee to help sustain it in its benevolent work, but whenever they hear of a case of need in their vicinity they write to the corresponding secretary of the Union, myself, asking, and in some instances demanding, that said case be liberally assisted at once. The V. S. U. is not a wealthy society. All the funds it has to work with are the annual dues of its members. It needs donations; it requires endowments in order to carry on its noble work in any extent. It has not been able to do as much benevolent work during the past year as in previous years, because its financial backer was taken from it when Jacob Edson—who devoted a certain percentage of his income to benevolent work—died. He was a wealthy man, and his death was a severe blow to the Union. It hopes to find a home, pleasant home for mediums; it has a few hundred dollars and a little property that is to be devoted to that purpose, and the object is to increase that nucleus to a fund as soon as possible, while at the same time relieving as far as it can the immediate necessities of those whose cases it receives. Every Spiritualist is eligible to membership in the V. S. U., and it is a pleasure to have new members join. The dues of an associate member, on the payment of a dollar a year in any part of the United States.

Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, the wife of J. W. Wheeler, of the Home Sewing Machine Co. of Orange, Mass., generously donated a handsome sewing machine to the V. S. U. a year ago, which was sold on shares for the benefit of the organization. This year Mrs. Wheeler has repeated her kindly gift. The new machine is a beauty, worth perhaps seventy-five dollars, being one of the samples of the Home Sewing Machine Co., and handsomely finished. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch has charge of this machine, and is taking names for shares in it at twenty-five cents each. We hope to realize a good sum on this machine; we ought to do so; someone will get it at the low cost of twenty-five cents, and the name of that fortunate one will appear in the spiritual papers. Now, I propose to see how many of my friends who read the LIGHT OF TRUTH will send me twenty-five cents—in a postal note, to be had at any local post office for three cents, and not in postage stamps, which we can not use for a share in that machine. Judging from the number of kindly letters I receive, the name of my collective friends of the LIGHT OF TRUTH might be called "legion." I believe they are sincere in the kindly assurances of sympathy which they send me; now, I inquire if they care enough for its success to donate a "quarter" to the benevolent work of the V. S. U.

I wish right here to call the attention of Spiritualists to the fact that the membership of a veteran and useful worker, Mrs. H. W. Cushman, of Walker street, Charlestown, who has been in the ranks for nearly forty years and whose mediumship has never been questioned. The guttural play-acted other physical manifestations occurring in the light in her presence are simply wonderful. Mrs. Cushman is paralyzed on one side, her hand and arm being useless, but still she continues to hold her seances, and to perform a helpful work for the spirit world. I believe that her paralysis was occasioned by the loss of nerve force consequent to her work of years as a physical medium. Such workers should be sustained. Mrs. Cushman needs your patronage and I hope you will attend her circles and encourage her in every helpful way.

The thoughts on "Obsession" penned by W. H. Bach, for the January 19th issue of LIGHT OF TRUTH are full of suggestions and information. Every mediumistic or sensitive person who is afflicted—or likely to be by disturbing influences—should read and reflect upon them.

The letters of my friend, Mrs. Schlesinger, in LIGHT OF TRUTH from the Pacific Coast, are full of interest to us here. Many of the workers she mentions—including Mrs. Buchanan, Ray-Din, Swarts, and Peabees, Mrs. May Fanning, Mrs. Hendee, Mrs. Place, etc., are persons friends of ours whom we admire and love. We know they are each doing a good work, we anticipate meeting with them all again on our return to the Golden State, which our spirit guides say will come in good time.

Mrs. May Fanning, of Santa Cruz, Cal., is one of the best psychometrists I ever met; also a fine trance medium. I go over for giving business advice. Many prominent workers endorse her as a woman and a medium. She should be kept busy by the patronage of the public through the mails as her fee is but a dollar; of Mrs. Fanning's work Dr. Peabees writes to her: "Your psychometric powers are simply magni-

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

When the Morning Comes; OR, The Mystery of a Sub-Conscious Self.

Author of "Outside the Gates," "Satanism," "Crowded Out," etc., etc.

By MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

CHAPTER XX.
A NIGHT AND A DAY.

As the door closed behind the retreating form of Eva Mayne, the treacherous face of Rose Stearns peered from behind the draperies that hung between the parlor and her father's sleeping-room. From the expression of her face it was evident that she had been listening to the interview, and that she felt anything but kindly toward either her father or the mistress of the house.

Malcolm Stearns had sunk back in his chair and closed his eyes so that he did not see his child as she stole to the closet and not far from the bottle with the red string, concealing it in the folds of her dress as she quietly passed to the shelter of her own room beyond.

Nothing more was heard from the apartments of the Stearns till the next morning; the father had retired at an early hour, and the daughter had entertained her friend Harold in her own boudoir till a late hour, and no inquiry had been made for either of them.

On the following morning, however, Dr. Pierce, a friend and medical adviser of Malcolm Stearns, called at the hotel and passed immediately to the apartments of his patient, only to find that gentleman dead in his bed.

A hasty examination convinced the physician that death had taken place during the night, and that its victim had experienced little if any pain. When the news was imparted to Miss Mayne she turned pale, and a shock went over and through her system that nearly felled her to the floor. As for Rose Stearns she would not at first believe in her father's decease, but when convinced beyond a doubt she stole from the room, soon returning to the now deserted parlor where her father had sat the night before. The undertakers were busy in the next room with the remains. Miss Mayne, prostrated with grief had retired to her own apartment to collect her thoughts. Every body seemed busy or absent, and Rose gazed about her with a stealthy air.

The bottle from which her father had received his drops still stood upon the table beside the pitcher of untasted water. Evidently he had not made use of it again after his hostess had left the room. Hastily Rose unfasted the red string about the neck of the bottle in her hand and knotted it around this one upon the stand. Both were of the same size and both were filled with colorless fluid.

"Now, I think I have her in my power," she whispered, as she placed the bottle of harmless liquid—now wearing its red mark—upon the closet shelf, leaving the unmarked poison upon the stand, "she will not dare refuse me anything when I confront her with this. How fortunate that I was here last night and heard it all. But why did he not die before and so prevent the necessity of all this?"

"I wonder if he sees me now," she whispered as she stole guiltily to her own room. "Well, if he does, he will see that I am capable of keeping my word to him that I would thwart him at every step. But, pshaw! there is no after-life, of course, how can there be consciousness outside the mortal frame? It does not matter to him now. But I concern myself very much whether I get that fortune or not, and I believe I can frighten her into giving up those securities and making those papers all over to me."

An hour afterwards Rose and Miss Mayne stood together beside the dead man's bier, gazing upon the placid features that wore no frown nor hint of gloom. Eva was softly weeping, but the glittering eyes of Rose held no trace of tears.

"I don't understand it," she presently said. "Of course, father has been ailing for some time, but I saw no reason to think him seriously ill. He has had no exacting business for the last five years, and nothing to worry over. I can't imagine what took him off. He seemed well yesterday."

"He was not well toward night, when I gave him his drops," whispered Eva. "He seemed very much distressed."

"Let us go into the other room. I have something to say to you. It seems to me this sudden death of my father has a suspicious appearance. But I can not talk of it here."

Eva followed her, wondering what she could mean. "Is this the bottle from which you gave father his drops?" Rose questioned lifting the bottle from the table where it still stood. Eva glanced at it and answered:

"Yes. There were two, one contained poison, he said. That had a red string on it, this contained his soothing drops."

"Are you sure the poison was not in this bottle, Miss Mayne?"

"What do you mean? You startle me. Yes, I am sure. He told me to pour from the one that had no string around it, and to leave it by his side. He saw the bottle and would have known if it was the wrong one. The bottle of poison is in the closet. You will find it there with its red mark."

Rose went to the closet and examined the bottle with the string, deliberately removing the stopper and touching her tongue to its contents.

"It is as I suspected," she said in measured terms, "you are responsible for my father's death! This bottle with the string contains a harmless quinine medicine that I am familiar with, having taken it many times to allay my own nervous excitement. That bottle contains a deadly poison; if I am not mistaken it was the bottle without a mark that held the fatal drops. If so, you will find a little blemish in the glass at one corner on the bottom. Examine it, please, for yourself."

Mechanically and as one in a maze Eva lifted the fatal bottle, and there, discovered a spot where the glass had been nicked just under the edge of one corner. She put it down, her face paling to marble whiteness as she turned to her accuser and whispered:

"You, you think I made a mistake. Oh, no! no! no! the thought is too horrible!"

"A mistake, perhaps, and then again, perhaps, it was no mistake. At all events you are the author of my father's death!"

She was aroused now, and confronting her enemy with calm dignity.

"What is it, you dare to insinuate that I caused your father's death, and that it may not have been by mistake the drops were changed? Oh, woman, how dare you!"

"I insinuate nothing, I charge you with my father's death. Did he not hand over to you certain deeds and papers last night?"

"Yes, but wherefore then should I repay him for his trust, with fiendish cruelty and death?"

"That he might not live to repent of his foolish generosity and demand a return of his property at your hands. That he might not in after days make public confession of how he had been lured by a false prophetess, a scheming woman to give his fortune into her care. That he might not expose your wiles to a criticising world," hissed the fair tormentor tauntingly.

"Oh! merciful heaven, this is more than I can bear,"

wailed the tortured woman, who stood like some pale lily stricken by the storm.

"Listen," continued the pitiless voice, "what is done can not be recalled, no one need be the wiser. I have you in my power, but I will not move against you if you are wise. One word from me will occasion a post-mortem examination of his body and the truth will be revealed that he died—not from heart failure but from the effects of poison. I will not speak that word, provided you will make over to me the property my father gave to you before his death."

Eva stared at the woman as if she thought her crazed indeed, as she answered:

"Are you insane or is it I? What! compromise with sin, compound a felony, daily with crime? Never! I am either innocent or guilty. If innocent, I have no right to deliver you to the trust your father placed in me. If I am guilty, you have no right to shield me from exposure and to share my crime by profiting from its fruits. I refuse to make a compact with you."

A dull red stained the cheek of the plotter as she said: "If I really thought you intended to kill my father"—how she grieved at the shudder that went over her victim at the words—"I would not attempt to shield you from the law. But to do you justice I will say I think you made a mistake in the bottles, and that he said to use the one with the red mark. But who will believe that it was a mistake? You a woman and the keeper of a *Spiritualists'* hotel, think of having your good name branded about as that of a modern female Borgia."

"You are startled now, and need time to think of this serious matter with calmness."

"Let me know to-morrow noon, if you consent to my terms. The funeral service will take place on Thursday without any preliminary examination. It not, a post-mortem examination will be made before to-morrow night."

Without a word or glance at her accuser Eva staggered from the room, and for the remainder of that day and its succeeding night she held herself aloof from all inquirers. What pen can picture the mortal agony through her spirit passed during those never-to-be-forgotten hours? A sensitive, pure-minded, honorable woman, to be thus accused of crime was of itself almost more than she could bear, but what—to her—was infinitely more horrible, was the fear, the almost maddening evidence that she had, although innocently and unwittingly, caused the death of a human being, and that being a grand and noble character.

In years to come she was heard to say that the tortures of that day and night were inconceivably greater than anything she had dreamed it possible for a human soul to reach. So great, that their remembrance always brought a shudder of horror to her frame and a chilling paleness to her cheeks and lips.

We will not linger over it. Toward morning she became conscious of a gleam of light in the horrible blackness that had settled over her, and through the shadows she heard a voice distinctly say, "It is all a tick. Death came naturally. No poison was administered. Be firm and insist on having an examination if only to satisfy yourself."

For a few moments this brought comfort to her heart, but again the darkness settled over her, and she lay enveloped in its gloom. Another hour of torture passed, and then she saw a face, that of a beloved guide whose words of wisdom had counseled her in former days. Beside that grand head appeared another, but this was not of a decimated spirit, for she recognized the features of her friend Estelle.

Two cool firm hands clasped hers, a familiar voice sounded in her ear. "I have learned all from your guide. You are innocent. Insist upon an examination."

When she awoke, the change in the night had brought her usually quiet face was stamped with lines of grief and care, but more than this, her beautiful luxuriant hair had turned from its former wealth of golden brown to a mass of silvery whiteness that lay in clusters upon her aching head. The violet eyes were dim and lustreless, and she looked but the shade of her former glorious self. Yet as she gazed at the image reflected from her mirror's depths, she became conscious of another face reflected behind her own, grand in its majesty and power, beautiful in its expression of dignified serenity. A face with eyes of matchless violet hue, crowned with its brightness of silvery hair. A face showing the conqueror's glory and the crown. The face of her own soul, that which she had seen in former years, of which the poor physical counterpart seemed but a mask of pallid clay—the face of her own perfected being that was yet to be.

That day Eva sent for Dr. Pierce, and in the presence of Rose Stearns asked for a post-mortem examination of the body by expert physicians, insisting that that young lady desired it as well as herself.

Miss Stearns tried to dissuade any such desire, but something in the changed appearance of Miss Mayne awed and silenced her. An examination of the vital organs of Malcolm Stearns' poor lifeless body revealed the cause of death to have been atrophy of the heart. The wonder was that he had lived so long with the diseased condition of that organ. There was no trace of poison or any disturbing element in the stomach or other localities, and Eva's fears were forever laid to rest.

We will not follow Rose Stearns in her wild career. It is nothing to us that she silently raged over her baffled plans. That she married the man of her choice and led an unhappy life, until finding that he could not handle her income, he at length left her to her own devices, or how she repented in sack cloth and ashes that she had not listened to her father's advice. All these matters have but little interest for us. She had tried to injure our noble friend, but her schemes had failed, although the badge of that anguish which this woman had wrought in her life—in the masses of silvery hair that crowned her marble brow remained to Eva evermore.

(To be Continued.)

Aztec Ruins in Arizona.

The *Journal*, of Los Angeles, Cal., reports that D. J. Court, a mining prospector, has returned to Prescott, Arizona, from a three-months' sojourn in "one of the most remote and little-known parts of the territory, and says that that section contains more Aztec ruins than any other portion of America, evidences of human habitation being found from the highest peaks to the lowest valleys. In one place he found a road, or street, three miles in length, perfectly smooth and straight and sixty feet in width. On either side of the street, the entire distance, are ruins. The road was evidently built prior to some earthquake, as it ends abruptly at the brink of a mighty chasm. He dug up and found lying about a great number of skeletons which were in a fair state of preservation, the heads of all being alike—very large over the eyes and receding, and almost flat toward the back of the head; jaws well developed, but front upper and lower teeth small and sharp. The ruins show the people to have been workers in stone, some fragments of work in turquoise being found. Every available foot of land had once been cultivated."

Spirits who forbid their mediums from reading or studying are selfish, and have a selfish purpose in view. As a rule they are prejudiced and consequently dogmatic, and know that education will cause their mediums to rise above them and thus step away from their control.

EARTH'S THREE POLES.

Their Respective Motions Defined.

LATITUDINAL VARIATIONS.

One of the most interesting questions in celestial mechanics was discussed at the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences at New Haven. It was the subject of a paper by Dr. S. C. Chandler, on the motion of the pole, which has been a special matter of investigation by the professor for several years. The observations thus far made, it is claimed, prove a latitude variation of sixty feet; that is, each parallel, instead of marking a fixed line on the earth's surface, indicates a line which shifts to this extent. From Lake of the Woods to Vancouver Island the forty-ninth parallel has been established as the boundary line between the United States and British America for a distance of more than 1,200 miles. Similarly the north line of New York, Vermont, and part of New Hampshire is the forty-fifth parallel for more than 250 miles. The shifting of these two boundary lines, consequently, brings alternately under the jurisdiction of the United States and Canada two strips of land sixty feet wide and 1,200 and 250 miles in length. Together they contain 11,000 acres, or enough land for one hundred good-sized farms. This land was all on the Canadian side in April and May, 1890, and in May, 1891, and all on the United States side in November, 1890, and again in December, 1891.

The relative positions of the earth's pole of figure and pole of rotation, it appears, have been changing with respect to each other continually, and the course has, since 1890, been in an entwined oval spiral. This Dr. Chandler has plotted, and has constructed a system of cycloids which he believes the two poles maintain with respect to each other. To put the algebraic expression in words is to say that there are two terms, one of which is an annual term, and is an elongated ellipse with a major axis of three-tenths of a second and a minor axis of eight-hundredths of a second and other terms is a circle with a period of 428 days. These two motions superposed give a curve, of which Dr. Chandler has made a diagram. The first three or four turns of the curve closely accord with the observations. In fact, as Dr. Chandler puts it, "theory gives latitude variations with greater accuracy than they can be determined by any individual series of observations." The curve has been continued according to the mathematic formula to the middle of 1895.

This movement of the pole is not to be confounded with the movements of precession and rotation which have long been known and carefully studied.

What is meant by the North Pole needs a little definition, for there are three north poles to the earth. One of these is the magnetic pole, where the compass needle points directly down. This was discovered and sailed over in 1831, and is situated in latitude 70 north of Hudson's Bay. Another is the geodetic pole, or pole of figure. On account of the flattening of the earth at the two frigid zones there are two points, one in each, which mark the ends of the shortest diameter of the globe, and these are the geodetic poles at the two ends of the axis of figure. The third is the astronomical pole, or pole of rotation. It has until recently been supposed to coincide with the pole of figure; but now it is known to be shifting, and the facts which Dr. Chandler has accumulated on this point afford about all the data of which we are thus far possessed.

When the variation in latitude was first suspected several years ago, two instruments were especially devised for its observation. They were made by Wanschaff, of Berlin. One of them was for use in the Arctic regions, and the other by the Italian Royal Observatory of Capodimonte, near Naples. New York and Naples are exactly the same latitude, and very nearly 90 degrees apart. They are, therefore, admirably situated to work together on this problem.

Through the liberality of President Low and others a special observatory was erected on the new college site at One Hundred and Sixteen street and Amsterdam avenue. Here observations have been conducted by Prof. John K. Rees, with the assistance of Dr. Harold Jacoby, Mr. J. T. Monell, and Mr. J. E. Day. One or the other of these has been staying up and watching the stars every clear night since April, 1893. The plan of operation is such that very accurate results are obtained. Only stars which pass very near the zenith are observed.

The results of these observations, Prof. Rees says, will be worked out and announced in about three months. It is probable that the shape of the curve, as then determined, will, by its peculiarities, show what is causing it. At present, the causes are purely conjectural. Prof. Newcomb thinks that the shifting masses of ice and snow may be sufficient to cause it, and Prof. Scott, of Princeton, has suggested movements in the interior of the earth as the cause. —*Scientific American*.

PROFESSOR DOLBEAR ON MATTER.

Before a recent meeting of the Parker Memorial Science Class, Prof. A. E. Dolbear considered the possibilities of matter, which in the light of the most recent investigations is of exceeding interest. He said that the kind of phenomena which one expects from matter depends largely upon what are assumed to be the properties of matter. It was once thought that matter itself was altogether inert and lifeless, and forces of different kinds were believed to be necessary in order to have it do anything. Now we are aware that this notion is erroneous. A lump of coal weighing a pound possesses energy enough to lift its weight nearly two thousand miles high. Every particle of matter is constantly exerting its influence upon every other particle of matter how far apart they may be, and if left to themselves, will come together.

The power to do this is inherent in matter and not in forces external to it, so that one after another the so-called forces have been given up, as representing anything more than some sort of motion. There is left, then, only matter and ether and various forms of motion to account for the different phenomena in nature. Even what are called organic phenomena, such as belong to living things, have no other antecedents.

These new considerations have made it necessary to recast our opinion concerning matter and its possibilities. Instead of the hard, round, inert particles of the older philosophers, we have now the vortex ring theory of atoms, which considers them as rotating rings of ether, since such rings exhibit many of the qualities possessed by matter. But this view makes atoms dynamic individuals possessing energy and capable of doing many things. The phenomena of crystals and some of the lower orders of animal life show such similarity as to give one the impression that the former are in some degree living things, and there is a growing conviction, among those who study molecular phenomena, that matter is really itself alive and that intelligence is in some way associated with it, so as to make the difference between the atom and man only one of degree. —*Scientific American*.

The temperature of the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, as determined by the resistance of the Atlantic cables, is said to be 38° F., which is a mean for the whole year. That at the bottom of the Mediterranean, measured in the same way, is said to be 57° F.

THE NEW SOLAROMETER.

Rival To The Compass And Sextant.

A NAUTICAL REVOLUTION.

An instrument that will, in large measure, revolutionize navigation, has just been constructed in Washington. The instrument is the solarometer. It has been tried on ship-board and given good results without adequate protection from atmospheric influences. The solarometer is really the first practical improvement over the compass and sextant that has been made in the past three hundred years, and it comes at a time when some improvement over these old and unsatisfactory methods was becoming absolutely imperative. A technical description of the instrument is impossible, but it is sufficient to say that by an arrangement of polar and zenith circles on which are mounted a moving telescope, the ship's position and true time may be ascertained from an observation of the sun or of any bright star, at any hour of the day or night.

As the case now stands and has for generations, absolute astronomical determinations of a vessel's positions at sea are made by means of the sextant only. Altitudes of the sun or other heavenly bodies are measured with this instrument, and from these observations the observer's latitude and longitude are deduced by elaborate logarithmic calculations. For longitude observations the body observed must be near the horizon, while for latitude observations it must be near the zenith. These conditions can rarely be obtained by a star, and the sun is often obscured for days just at the times when observations would be possible with the sextant. With a careful account of a ship's run over a well-known track at a regular rate of speed, and with carefully adjusted compasses it is possible for an experienced captain to estimate his position with some degree of accuracy. If the sun were obscured for one day only, it might be possible to ascertain his position within a circle of twenty miles in diameter, but if the sun be obscured for several days, there is little dependence to be placed on a dead reckoning. This is especially so of the modern iron and steel ships, in which the compasses, without frequent comparison and adjustment to some known standard, are absolutely worthless. In an east and west run of a day or two an iron cruiser will be so affected by the polarization from the earth's currents that the compasses will swing out even of the line of calculated error, and when the ship's course is changed will be found to be utterly useless.

The solarometer is designed to obviate all this trouble, for it not only determines the ship's position at any time when the sun or a star is visible, but the same simple observation will fix the compass' error to a certainty. It is incased in a little sheet-iron house, like the conning tower in a torpedo-boat. This tower has a revolving cupola, with a sliding door to afford wind protection. To compensate for the rolling of the ship, the instrument is mounted on a very ingenious stand. A great iron, porcelain-lined kettle is swung on gimbals, like a ship's compass, and inside this floats another spherical kettle, filled with mercury, in which floats the third kettle, which bears the solarometer.

The gross disturbance from the pitching of the ship is taken up by the gimbals, while the two remaining floating shells in the mercury reduce the instrument to a dead level in spite of the wildest rolling and pitching, the only limit to observations being the observer's power to keep his feet and keep his eye on the telescope. The telescope is a tiny affair, not more than three inches long, and for night observations the cross hairs are illuminated by tiny incandescent lights. The telescope is so mounted on its slides that its movement will be in the same plane as the path of the sun or star, being adjusted from rising to setting, when adjusted to the observer's latitude and the declination of the body as given in the "Nautical Almanac." The almanac has the position of a heavenly body on a circle that passes through the pole, and the azimuth tables give the position of the same body on a circle that passes through the zenith. The solarometer has two graduated circles corresponding to the pole and zenith, with the telescope fixed at their intersection. The graduated circles are furnished with verniers, so that when a heavenly body is caught on the cross-hairs of the telescope, and the instant of the observation noted on the Greenwich time chronometer, it is easy to work backward from the tables, and knowing the position of the body with reference to the graduated circles, to find the exact position of the ship.

The value of the instrument, however, is not confined to the determination of a vessel's exact position and compass error at all hours of the day or night, whenever anything can be seen in the sky, but this accurate result incidentally enables vessels to steer in exact great circle routes, and keep the adopted trans-oceanic routes with the certainty of a railroad train. Time, coal, and money will be saved by enabling steamers to keep on the most direct and shortest routes to their port.

At the Boston Temple

Spiritual Manifestations are Produced in Public.

John Wetherbee writes glowingly of the grand work Mr. M. S. Ayer is doing at the Spiritual Temple in dispensing light to the hanging multitude.

Among others he sends us the following interesting account from the *Boston Post* of January 28th:

The veil of Isis was raised yesterday morning at the First Spiritual Temple, corner of Newbury and Exeter streets. A venerable priest, from the land of the Pharaohs, garbed in flowing robes, with long white beard, and majestic bearing, as became one who had witnessed the building of Cheops, visited the earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Green, formerly known to the public as Mme. Blaes.

This phenomenon and many others occurred during the regular Sunday forenoon services. A cabinet of orthodox proportions stood upon the platform. Into it the medium retired, concealing herself from the inquisitive gaze of an unusually large assembly by means of heavy curtains. Then a dim, religious light fell over all, and a strange odor, as of burning incense, permeated the building.

But it was apparent the atomic vibrating motion of the atmosphere should be increased. Accordingly, at the suggestion of Mr. M. S. Ayer, who presided, the organ pealed forth a hundred voices were raised in singing the stirring notes of "America."

Twice the ancient Egyptian appeared between the parting of the curtains. Then he vanished to be succeeded by the spirit of a woman, richly adorned with golden ornaments. Again the drapery was thrown aside. A shadowy female form became dimly visible, which Mr. Ayer instantly recognized as the spirit of his sister, long since dead.

"But may perceive," said that gentleman, "we do not necessarily have to wait the sounding of Gabriel's trumpet."

A gentleman in the audience, who had objected to the hanging of the curtains, was requested by the medium to enter the cabinet. He complied, and returned to his seat, no longer a skeptic, and with a convinced expression imprinted upon every feature.

The voices of familiar spirits could be occasionally heard from within. Many of these were known. Mr. Ayer announced that the materializations would have been better performed if conditions were more favorable. The medium was not enjoying good health, and had suffered exhaustion the night previous from participating in a protracted seance.

The following inscription is on a tombstone in New Orleans Cemetery:

"I say, my friend, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so once you shall be.
Prepare for death and follow me."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

EDITED BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

All contributions intended for this department must be addressed to Mrs. M. T. Longley, 66 Broadway street, Boston, U.S.A.

A Cradle Song.

BARBARA WALTON.

Swing, swing, my baby
By mother's bosom fanned;
Swing, swing, my baby,
Into the slumber land.

Dream, dream, my baby,
Of things most sweet and fair;
Dream, dream, my baby,
Thy life is free from care.

Rest, rest, my baby,
Without a thought of fear;
Rest, rest, my baby,
Angels are watching near.

Sing, swing, my baby,
Held safe by mother's hand;
Sing, swing, my baby,
Into the slumber land.

—*Somerville Journal*.

Elephant and Rat

That a rat should put an elephant to wild and ignominious flight seems more absurd even than that a mouse should terrify a woman; but there may be cases, as a recent occurrence in San Francisco seems to prove, in which a rat has an elephant at a decided advantage.

An elephant, named Jess, belonging to a menagerie which was recently at San Francisco, is well known as one of the most docile elephants in America. She is very large, but has always been as gentle and manageable as was the great Jumbo himself, the king of elephants, who was never so happy as when carrying children on his back.

This being her disposition, Jess' keepers were greatly astonished one morning to see her break her chains, rush madly about, upset cages and everything that came in her way, escape into the streets, and apparently engage in a mad pursuit of people there.

Though Jess appeared to have become suddenly crazy, her keepers pursued her as best they could, and presently found that she really wanted to see them. Then they perceived that she was not the victim of rage, but terror.

Her chief attendant, approaching very near, saw some small thing projecting from the extremity of her trunk. He seized it, and pulled it out, and then very quickly threw it away. It was a live rat!

This animal had somehow crept into Jess' trunk, and the elephant had been unable to get it out. As soon as she was relieved of the rat she made every sign of gratitude to her keeper, and permitted herself to be led back to her place in the menagerie.

The Little Conies.

I spent many years in the Rocky mountains where I saw many things that I believe would interest the readers of the Children's Column.

I shall tell you this time about the little conies whose curious ways I often noted when high up in the mountains during the sunny days of August and September. I do not suppose these are the same kind of conies that are mentioned by Jesus in the New Testament. The variety I am speaking of live among the great piles of rocks near or on the tops of the highest mountains, and are not often seen by tourists on this account. They are very peculiar in their habits and show much wisdom. They look much like a rabbit but their ears are not so long. They are small, not so large as a good-sized rat. For eight months in the year they live under the rocks that are all covered over deep with snow, and certainly that would seem to be a very dull kind of life, for during this time they are shut up and do not come out to see the world at all. But it is likely they go to visit one another's houses, and hold winter parties to amuse themselves. In June when the snow has somewhat blown off and melted away, the little fellows come out to see the world again. What do you suppose they eat all the time they are shut up?

They live on hay that they gather themselves. They are great hay-makers. Their busy time begins in August. There is a kind of grass that springs up after the snow goes, and this is their food; and they have to store up enough of it for their winter supplies. They know in some way that they must not take this down into their homes green to pack it away, for if they did so it would mould and not be fit to eat. So in still sunny days when the wind does not blow, they gather the grass and spread it out on a big stone to cure and dry, as the farmer lets his hay dry. High up in the mountains the air is very thin or rare, and on this account their grass dries out very soon. Then they take it and carry it down into their hay-mows or cony barns that they have away under the great rocks, and pack it away for the winter. When they are at this work they are very serious and don't like to be disturbed. They have a sharp, rather disagreeable voice, and if you are in the way they will sit around and cry "Squeak!" "Squeak!" in a most anxious tone. It is funny to see them gather the grass, for they often collect at one time a bunch larger than their bodies, and if they are coming towards you their whole body may be hidden by it. I often wonder how they ever found out that the grass should be dried before they stored it away. Don't you think that these little animals should be called the mountain hay-makers?

They live under great disadvantages, but they are loyal to their homes and will not leave them, and in many ways there is more friendship and wisdom among them than there is among human animals that can read and write. They all work and allow one another equal chances, and I never saw any of them try to steal another's hay.

UNCLE CHARLEY.

The Galena tunnel, 3,800 feet long, at an altitude of 15,900 feet in the Andes, is the greatest elevation in the world at which a piston rod is moved by steam.

LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

Published by the Publisher at Cincinnati, O., at 250 Broadway, N. Y.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1893, at Cincinnati, O., under No. 10,000, Post Office No. 10,000, Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1894.

AGITATE! AGITATE!

The struggle for existence and the consequent survival of the fittest has made liberty the crown of all suffering. The contrast between tyranny and freedom is seen only as both states are experienced, just as the contrast between happiness and sorrow is perceived. We can not enjoy the raptures of heaven without the knowledge and experience of hell. Thus every life is hedged about with two contrasts: the good, the evil; the joyous, the sorrowful; the tyrannous and the free. This seems to be an inviolable law of nature. We behold its operations everywhere from the diatom to the philosopher who plucks knowledge from the stars.

The pathway to freedom of action is strewn with the wrecks of all struggles for existence. Above every mass of men that marks the strife and death through which life forms have passed is a beaded shrine and symbol of liberty. Man is no exception to this universal law. He is higher than all other forms of life by virtue of organization, and that alone. The cunning, the powerful, and the unscrupulous have always been the masters of mankind, just as the cunning and the powerful were masters of the earth in the Silurian Age. Old earth is a vast cemetery and in her bosom slumber all the struggles, ambitions, and careers that have gone before the register of our day. Conquest, strategy, and cunning have divided and monopolized the earth; the horrors of peace are often times worse than the wars fought to achieve it. No rights of humanity have ever been vouchsafed in peace; they have all been fought for. Only in the efforts to shake off the encroachments of the powerful have the people of any nation ever secured personal liberty. The declaration that a creator has endowed all men with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness finds no sanction in nature nor the experiences of mankind. Nature makes no such provision. Life with her is a struggle. While she is prodigal in supplying subsistence she exacts the sternest trials upon all who preserve the life principle. The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness devolves upon the measures employed to preserve the right. If a creator has bestowed this right, the servitude and degradation of the masses, even in our own country, attest his complete failure. The battlefield has always been the arena wherein liberty and the preservation of life have been secured. Upon a thousand battlefields and sanctified by the most righteous of causes, the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness became the heritage of the American people. The inalienable rights enumerated in the Declaration were the great stakes put up and raffled for in the shooting-match that followed. The olive branch never could have won these from the tyrant and even with the settlement of the issues of war the vestibule of progress alone had been entered. No foot had trod the halls within the temple. The amazements which have come upon us, the wide hiatus between extremes in every department of our common lot, the rush for place and the reckless wastes of extravagance, all are parts of an economic system which our forefathers knew nothing about. Human nature is so constituted that great public questions involving changes in administrative affairs can not spring into activity without great trial and oftentimes violent struggles and sacrifice of life and treasure. Ethnologists have not solved that universal racial quality which rebels at innovation upon the established, and yet the established has been more often than otherwise the greatest detriment to national progress. Prosperity in individuals breeds conservatism. This element in our present system is perceived in the brakes placed upon the efforts of those who see over the fog to better the condition of the masses. The ego, individualistic, asserts itself whenever a line is drawn across its own premises. "Let me alone," is the sentiment and well-spring of individualism. It is the essence of anarchy. Those who object to anarchy can find plenty of it in their own attitude toward the betterments of the race.

Civilizations are made up of best and worst. The preponderance of evil has had its check in the assertiveness of right and justice. Contrast and memory make up the world's stock of knowledge, but knowledge, like liberty, is the effect of struggles to obtain it. No royal thoroughfare lies between us and any intellectual attainment. The history of intellect is one long record of defeat. Not until the dark ages ended in the fourteenth century did intellect begin to arise and assert its divine sway, and even then the opposition encountered was beaten back but not removed, and wherever the war between intellect and authority has been waged, the mightiest forces have been arrayed on the side of authority. The uses of reason have always received the contempt of the throne, and authority has been regarded as the truth, not truth as authority. The divine right of the king was the authority against which the colonists rebelled. The rebellion to-day is against the same authority except that the name is changed. We no longer pay tribute to the king, but we pay tribute to that which made the king—GOLD. The marks along the barometer of progress are constituted of the rebellion of man's intellect and better nature against oppression; the beginning always consisting of agitation of thought. Necessity fosters agitation. The self-satisfied never agitates, hence agitation is the history of extrication from oppression brought about by the strong overbearing the weak and the unfortunate. The power of conquest has ever been built up and maintained at the expense of liberty and the enslavement of mankind. The divine right of the king has never withstood the assaults of reason and the demands of justice without a standing army. The military is the divinity that hedges about a king. The military is the same divinity which now hedges about the conquerors who have stolen the sweetest liberty of the wage-earner, to-wit: the right to work at a fair remuneration.

As the sword was the defender of the cross, so bullets are the conservers of peace. The hyena in man is never wholly chained, and so the power of enforcement depends on might. Napoleon saw it when he said that God was on the

side of the general who had the strongest battalions. Thus the commercial arm of the religion of the Western Hemisphere has ever been the sanctioning department in the great mill of king can do as he likes with his own. The idea that the throne of empire derives its authority from the skies is the base line of education in a despotism. To agitate against this has always been the greatest crime. As history is a record of recurring periods, the agitator to-day is exactly regarded as he was a century or two centuries ago, and yet the protests against usurpation of power and the dominance of despotic rule have been amongst the most glorious and the outworkings of intellect. Where labor and thought are not allowed free exercise there is slavery and ignorance abound. The intellectual calibre of any nation can be found by striking the difference between its proletariat and its aristocracy. We are no better than Turkey and Russia, because we have the most railroads and a theory of representative government. In the island of Sicily, during the reign of the Caesars, youths of both sexes were sold for twenty-five cents apiece. Within the sound of the bell on Independence Hall there is plenty of slaves that outlive Sicily or the Rome of the Caesars. Here, F. M. Goodchild contributes a timely article in the January *Review*, in which he says there are 700 sweaters in Philadelphia. He says that in the middle ages "sweater" was the name given to a man who put gold coins into a bag and shook them so that particles of the metal were worn off. The coin passed for just the same, and the sweater got his profit in the gold dust.

The sweater of to-day puts human hearts into bags of greed and shakes them as a ferment for the production of its old-school doctors. Like beads from the brow of agony, he coins his profits. The hyena has reached its last evolution in the rapacity of the modern sweater. The civilization sealed at Yorktown when Cornwallis threw down his sword has culminated in horrors that would make a Zulu shiver and to find parallels for which we must go back to medieval barbarism. The signboards of the coming day are the monuments of a dead commercial conscience. To show the people these monuments is the work of the agitator. In no other way, except revolution, can a restoration of the magna charter of the people's liberties be brought about. The cry of the educator should be *Agitate! Agitate!*

POPE LEO'S LAST MESSAGE.

In reading this solemn communication we suppose the proper thing to do is to look grave and serious, but seeing your faces wreathed in smiles through the contagion, we find ourselves breaking out in laughter. It is funny that Leo should be so busy writing letters to America and the letters all going to the dead-letter office? It is a wonder he does not take the hint and fold his tent and silently steal away. But the old fellow keeps pecking away, and in his declining years Leo has the delusion that the people of America are now pagans, not heathens, now penitent, now humble, "O dear Lord, in fact, that he presses the button and we do not rest. Dear friends, you should not be so irreverent. Come, now, banish your grin and step into the library and carefully read the latest from Rome. As your eye wanders down the column your attention is arrested by seeing the name of your household God, George Washington. What under the sun can the Pope want of him?

Yes, you have guessed it. George is to testify on behalf of the Pope, and tell how, like old wine, the Church is growing. Listen! "The first bishop began his labors when the great Washington was at the helm of the young republic. The well-known familiar intercourse between these two men is evidence that the United States ought to be conjoined in cord and amity with the Catholic Church." In cord and amity? What a silly old fellow the Pope must be. There, didn't you see him wink when he wrote cord and amity? He ought to know, if he does not, that here in America "conjoined in cord" is the United States, and in the United States' language, when truly rendered, means to hang, to suicide. No, thank you, dear Pope, we can't "in cord conjoin." Further down in your letter you add "that the most desirable state for the Church universal would be to have Church and State," charming, "not disserved and divorced as in America. Don't get angry; are you not pulling the wool over our eyes? The Church universal is the thing your heart is set on. No, we are for divorce. See the old gentleman write on, he can't be stopped, but this long letter is wearing on him. Don't you see how mechanically he writes? Did you see that? He certainly is getting frank. "In addition to this we had in mind to draw more closely the bonds of duty and friendship which connect you and so many thousand Catholics with the *Apostolic See*."

But let us pass on. The Pope surely worried over the schism within the Church. The bishops evidently are up in arms against Satoli. Hark! "But how unjust and baseless the suspicion that the legate (Satoli) is an obstacle to the authority of the bishops." Hear him cajole the bishops. "His (Satoli's) authority will possess weight for preserving in the multitude a submission spirit." You see the Pope has the facts before him. We can give them to the public. What he means is that just such things as we printed as occurring last week at Logansport, Ind.,—"Catholics Kick Against the Decree," etc.—can be quelled only by getting the people in "a submissive spirit." If we can't make you understand the Pope's meaning the bishops certainly will.

Read what he has to say to workmen concerning societies: "Shun those associations which have been condemned by the Church," also those which the bishops regard dangerous and suspicious. Catholics ought to associate with Catholics. It would be well to appoint either priests or upright laymen (Catholics) and be guided by them."

How does that strike you, workmen? You are fast becoming the thinkers, leaders, agitators who meet every week to discuss everything from God to Congress. We imagine you answer that the Pope is joking when he made the request that priests should lead us. Let us smile and await the next decree.

MISTAKES OF THE "REGULARS."

The old school physicians in the practice of medicine dislike to yield their supremacy in the field of medical action to those who apply advanced methods of healing than they apply. They are made to feel the trend of public opinion and they are forced to recognize the fact that mankind is not willing to longer submit to the old-time heroic remedies of *Allopathy* that have been forced upon the unwilling but helpless patient of the past.

As priests have sought to keep their devotees in ignorance of eternal truth, and have discouraged the cultivation of the reasoning and thinking faculties, knowing that if the superstitious mind should be cleared of its dogmas by the pure light of knowledge, the occupation of the priesthood would be gone; so old-school doctors in the field of medicine discourage the cultivation of the mind concerning the methods of schools of healing, and in the direction of thinking seriously upon the needs of the human system.

These bigots know that if the masses become informed of the unsafe and experimental lines of practice that the old school has been obliged to travel all along in its bungling application of medicine to disease, they will be unwilling to trust their suffering loved ones in its hands, and that their standing and their practice will no longer rule in the world, but that the autocrats of medicine will be relegated to the domain of ignorance where they belong. Medical legislation has been adopted in several States of the Union. Practitioners in the more liberal schools of treatment are obliged to register as M. D.'s or be ostracized. Massachusetts wheel-into line a year ago and enacted a measure for the protection of its old-school physicians; and although it is not a very stringent law, yet it has subjected a large class of reputable and competent doctors to trouble and expense; and it is capable of amendment in such form as will give an oppressive medical law to the people of the old Bay State.

The plea of the "regulars" is that the people need protection in the matter of medical practice. That the people are the prey of quacks who tamper with the life and health of human beings, and that legislation is necessary for their best good. This is all false. It is not the intelligent people of this country who need protection from medical ignorance in the selection of the physician who is to treat themselves or their dear ones in time of need. A mal-practitioner is seldom found in the advanced fields of medical work. A quack who imposes upon the credulity of the public is speedily discovered and left to sigh in vain for patients. It is the successful "regulars" who are in demand. It is they who cure the sick by intelligent means, and who do not pour vile nostrums with unpronounceable names down the throats of their patients who are growing in popularity with the public, and whose advance is threatening the prosperity of those doctors that have monopolized the field of medicine.

Therefore, it is not the people who need protection. This plea is a pretense on the part of those who feel their own need of protection from the encroachments of a more successful and more popular class of practitioners, and who seek to secure it for themselves and to check the progress of medical reform by legislative enactments in their various States. The case has just come to light in the East—where is only one of thousands in the land which a woman fell violently ill. One after another physician of the old class was called in and all agreed in pronouncing the case one of "abdominal pneumonia, uniting upon the remedies applied. Three prominent doctors were on the case, and the patient kept growing worse. These wiseacres only succeeded by their treatment in stopping the functional action of nearly every organ of the body, and the sufferer was known to be sinking rapidly. In desperation—and as a last resort—an old lady, a clairvoyant of thirty years' practice and experience—was called in, who at once pronounced the case one of congestion of the liver, applied the proper remedies, and restored the patient to health; while the "regulars" beheld the cure and their own mistakes with chagrin.

Taxation of Church Property.

The taxation of Church property is undergoing serious discussion in certain sections of the country, especially in the East where all such property has been exempt from taxation—even the old Tremont Temple in Boston, the first story of which was rented for stores and which contained many rooms rented as offices for business purposes, was exempt from taxation because it was owned by a religious society and Sunday-Baptist services were conducted within its walls.

Even some of the more liberal of the ministers are in favor of taxing Church property after it has reached a certain valuation—say of a few thousand dollars. The subject is one that has been mooted by Spiritualists for years. It is a subject that is bound to rise again and again until it is settled upon the principles of equity and justice. We are informed that Church property in California is taxed after it has reached a valuation of five thousand dollars. All Church property everywhere—including the stately piles constituting of churches, convents, universities, and so forth, of Catholics should be taxed and thus help to yield a revenue to the commonwealth in which they exist.

The *Christian Statesman* has entered upon a crusade against Sunday papers. Is this to be a sequel to Don Quixote's crusade against wind mills? The result will no doubt be synonymous—in favor of the wind mills, though in this case carrying truth on its wings, and truth is more than a Church paper can stand up against. Let the crusade go on!

PLEASE REMARK No. 4 issue of LIGHT OF TRUTH to a friendly neighbor or doctor. This issue contains much that will cause reflection in a stranger to our philosophy. And if you will also send him your February numbers and send us his name, we will mail you a piece of sheet music in payment of your kindness.

"Lay On, McDuff."

The magnitude of the inconvenience to public traffic by reason of the Brooklyn "Trolley" strike ought to be an eye-opener for those who look upon government control of such corporations as Utopian. Perhaps the coming solution will be brought about by just such experiences. To think that the conveniences and necessities of 40,000 people should be at the mercy of a few heartless corporations, which these same people have produced, is enough to make one blush for the common sense of our boasted enlightenment. When the people get enough of this kind of "service" they will make a change. The only question about it being what constitutes enough. When a few more thousands are killed and a few more million dollars in property destroyed and starvation a little more extended, the people will wake up. The setting up of corporations to grind the noses of those who set them up, is an art that was not lost in the Nile Valley if it ever flourished there. We know very well that the art is nowhere so highly cultivated as in the country of the free and independent. No people, except the magnanimous Americans, will walk for a fortnight at a time while their coachmen fight with the hired girls and then pay all the expenses of the fight. This is what the Brooklyn strike amounts to, and the tax-payers will find it out.

WHEN ROME ACTS.

It may have been noticed that fights between Catholic Church dignitaries have been allowed to go on without interference from the Vatican or even censure. The reason for this has been uncovered by the recent criticism of Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y., of Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn. It is reported that so long as it was bishop against bishop, priest against priest, archbishop against archbishop, the sword of censure was slow to fall. But the moment a functionary rises against one above him the discipline of the Church is trampled upon and Rome moves swiftly. Bishop McQuaid has committed an evil, which is punishable by six months' prohibition from pontificating at ceremonies. This beats the regular army in war times. A Protestant boot-black, in that respect, is freer than a Catholic Church dignitary. He may censure the whole brood, including the Pope, and continue to "shine 'em up," while the poor bishop has the shine taken out of him for telling the truth.

A Munificent Gift.

The most notable gift to the Universalist denomination ever made by a single person in the United States is the Pullman Memorial Church at Albion, N. Y., dedicated recently. It was erected by George M. Pullman, of Chicago, in memory of his parents, whose home was at Albion, and cost nearly \$100,000. The entrances are adorned with bronze medallions of Mr. Pullman's father and mother. This noble gift is but one of the many generous benefactions of Mr. Pullman.

It is some time since we have been able to record a gift from a wealthy Spiritualist toward building up his cause. What are they waiting on? Death, and then have his will contested on the ground that Spiritualism is a delusion? Act while here, and enjoy the effects as a spirit.

IN SIGHT!

Only two more chapters, and "In Higher Realms" will be ended.

Those who have followed the heroes of the story through their journey will feel a sadness at parting company with them.

But a remedy is at hand that will allay that sadness, and bring the travelers back to you. It is this:

We are going to publish "Spirit Life" and "In Higher Realms" in one pamphlet—making about 240 pages—for the small sum of 25 cents. But as a guide to enable us to estimate the number wanted we will take orders for them now. Those who wish a large quantity will please notify us at once.

It will not only be an interesting and instructive book of the spiritual science and philosophy in happy union, but a missionary tract that can be used to define Modern Spiritualism.

THE PUBLISHER.

Allegheny, Pa.

E. W. Sprague and his estimable wife have just concluded an engagement with the Society for Psychical Research of Allegheny City, Carnegie Hall, in which he lectured, was crowded every night, although the weather was



